

New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth: News-Editorials—Advertisements
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name a word with which to conjure terror until the day of his death. William Hohenzollern is but an old man whose own countrymen feel for him neither love nor respect. The last vestige of the royal illusion was dissipated by the reply of the former war lord to an appeal for financial aid for a charity devoted to the care of orphans of German soldiers. He sent his autographed portrait and a ludicrous blast about his own hardships—of exchange.

An Unsatisfactory Sample

Mr. Hyman, during the time that he has been clamoring for municipal ownership of the entire transit system, under his benign direction, has been conducting a municipally owned railroad on Staten Island. He has not been conducting it at all successfully.

It was shown at the Transit Commission hearing Monday that of all the lines in the city this Staten Island line is possibly the worst conducted. Congestion and inadequate service, for both of which Mr. Hyman so savagely lectures the interborough, have continued on the municipal line since it was taken over by the city.

Practically all the evils of the greater system have been repeated on this experiment in municipal operation.

If Mr. Hyman desires to convince the public that he can run the City Hall operate the immense and complicated transit business of greater New York, one would think that he would submit some sort of satisfactory sample of his powers.

His bus lines, wherever established, have been unprofitable, even in cases where bus lines are really more serviceable than surface cars.

His Staten Island road is as bad as, if not worse than, any privately operated road. Yet he insists that given charge of the entire transit system he could make it efficient and profitable almost overnight.

It is now apparent that the \$25,000,000 Mr. Hyman asks for his bus lines will be withheld by the Legislature. This is just as well. Until Mr. Hyman shows the ability to manage a small traction system he is not likely to be trusted with the direction of a gigantic one.

Dawes to Report

The President has directed General Dawes to make a full report of the economy achievements that have been effected since the budget system was inaugurated. Direct and indirect savings are to be detailed wherever possible, and a complete statement is to be made of the economies brought about in government expenses through the elimination of duplicated items and of sums which were necessarily diffused among different departments.

Such a report cannot but be helpful to all those who deal with or are interested in the subject of government expenses. The inauguration of a budget system has been hailed as an important step in the introduction of modern business methods into government administration. That a man such as General Dawes was appointed Director of the Budget and started work with his well known whirling tactics has raised high hopes that the system will be properly launched and will prove a success.

Only the extremists expect to see the entire governmental system of expenditure reformed overnight by the new budget methods. But certain Congressmen have already been casting doubts upon the efficacy of the system and for some reason appear to be anxious to discredit it. Wisely wishing to forestall the activities of these gentlemen, the President asks especially that General Dawes' report shall cover the entire situation, "thus obviating possible misconceptions, which might arise from any partial or incomplete statement."

As the General believes in being thorough, Congress may expect a full and illuminating report from the Budget Director.

Air Wizardry

They call it the Radio Show, and it is a modest description for seeming miracles. What is there in "The Arabian Nights" to equal the little automobile that weaves in and out among the throng like a clever dancer, as though spook-controlled? Why pursue the ghost of Antigonish when there are goings-on so much more eerie on the Hotel Pennsylvania roof?

There is nothing more extraordinary in the story of inventions than the sudden expansion of the wireless wonder. Yesterday a toy and to-day an instrument not only of curiosity and enjoyment but of the utmost practical utility. It is like adding a sixth sense to the human equipment.

The amateurs have a right to plume themselves on the Radio Show. It was they largely who developed a plaything into an agent of commercial and military use whose potentialities nobody can measure. Now that professional radio engineers have taken up the game the refinements of the radiophone and the by-products of aerial communication almost outrun the imagination.

Radio control of mechanisms—the airplane, for example—offers astonishing possibilities. It is not beyond

the bounds of reason to expect an air mail service piloted from the ground. Some day a newspaper may be printed by radio.

At Last

Fox Hills Hospital, on Staten Island, is to be closed. The reason given by the director of the Veterans' Bureau is that it is "structurally unfit" and contains "fire hazards."

Thus ends a chapter in the care of wounded veterans which has brought much just criticism upon the government. Investigating committees have on various occasions visited the hospital and pronounced it unfit. The American Legion, in particular, has carried on a long campaign against the hospital and has protested that it is especially unsuited for the housing of tubercular patients. The toleration of conditions there has been singled out as an example of the way in which the country has forgotten the wounded service men and has neglected their interests. Those who have studied the care of the disabled have felt that this hospital should have been closed long ago.

That the decision has finally been made, therefore, is a good sign. The soldiers cannot be evacuated until room for them is found in other institutions, but the very intent to close Fox Hills Hospital shows that the Veterans' Bureau cannot be blind to the conditions that existed there. It promises well for the future and raises the hope that the general treatment of wounded men will at last be put upon a basis which none can criticize.

The feeling is overwhelming throughout the country that the wounded veterans should have the best possible treatment. Any moves which tend to better their condition, such as the present one to close Fox Hills Hospital, will receive the hearty support of every one.

The Elderly Patagonian

Local paleontologists are not greatly exercised over the Argentine zoologist's report that a plesiosaurus has been seen to gyre and gimble in a Patagonian lake. The story seems to them rather Jabberwocky.

New Zealand thought it had a a glyptodon a while ago. Africa lately claimed a brontosaurus. Neither has materialized. Yet as to the live plesiosaurus Dr. Hornaday, for one, does not regard it as an impossibility. It seems little more wonderful to him than the Australian lungfish, which has a 40,000,000-year ancestry.

The skeleton specimens of the plesiosaurus, one of the least hideous of the marine reptiles, show that it ran to length rather than bulk; it was swift and swift, more like a cruiser than a dreadnought, and so had a better chance of survival than more monstrous, sluggish species that were attacked from above by winged aircraft and from below by sharp-toothed submarine rodents. Still, no scientist has suspected that the extinction of the plesiosaurus, along with its fossilized contemporaries, was exaggerated.

Professor Onelli is sending out an expedition to capture the mesozoic lizard for the Buenos Ayres zoo. If the creature has a family one of the youngsters would make an attractive pet for the Battery Aquarium.

Out With the Frying Pan

War upon the frying pan has been declared by the Salvation Army. The old practice of distributing this cooking instrument has been abandoned, and in its place a new campaign has been started to save the people of the country from drowning in a sea of grease. Investigation has shown that it is not so much the quality of the food as the method of its preparation that is responsible for many cases of malnutrition and that much of the ill health so prevalent in country as well as in tenement districts is traceable to ignorance of proper methods of cooking.

The frying pan is a prime offender. The simplicity of its use is more than counterbalanced by the difficulty of digesting what has been cooked in it. Who has not seen cold potatoes or meat, covered with a quarter of an inch, more or less, of grease, the product of the facile frying pan? Of such stuff are indigestion and dyspepsia born. Even the best of digestions refuses to assimilate constant overdoes of lard and other fats. Undoubtedly such cooking is partly responsible for the number of persons who seem to be forever "illfit."

And yet if the frying pan is to be replaced an educational campaign of wide scope must be inaugurated. Great as are its powers for evil, the frying pan is still the universally accepted method of cooking throughout the United States. Few would know what to do without it. We in America have never relished the British love of boiling, nor have we appreciated the French belief in soups and bread. It remains, therefore, to teach the housewives of America how to prepare their meals with more variety.

Only by doing this will the rule of the frying pan be broken and a diet which is not only well balanced but well prepared be assured. Whoever saw the remarkable transformation in the physique of drafted men after a régime of good food, well cooked, realizes how much is still to be done

in this field. Men from the farms often showed even greater improvement than men from the cities. In both cases release from the tyranny of grease was largely responsible. And this, in the final analysis, meant emancipation from the domination of the frying pan.

"Masked Paternalism"

Applied to Federal Aid for Mothers and Similar Legislation

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: Thinking people have viewed with alarm the constant encroachments of the Federal government in those fields that should be controlled by the states. For this reason the principle of "Federal aid" is dangerous, whether it directs our education or pretends to help mothers and babies. Such legislation is masked paternalism of the most insidious form. There are no super-men or super-women in Washington that can look out for our local affairs better than we can look out for them ourselves.

We are creating an overcentralized government made up of countless bureaucrats, and the overburdened taxpayers pay the bills, not only directly, but through the increased cost of living; for the "butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker" pass on their taxes to the consumer. Of course there are matters of a foreign and interstate character that the Federal government must control, and on account of this people often draw a wrong inference, and say that because millions are spent by the government on pigs and cattle it should also look out for the mothers and babies. What we do for the pigs and cows, however, is done to safeguard the food supply of the mothers, and not because we love the pigs and the cows. Certainly the great mass of the mothers of this country believe in self-respect and self-help, and the fathers also can give aid in solving these problems without Federal interference.

We have testimony from all over this country that the states and communities are making headway with maternal care and child hygiene in a way that is a credit to our people, and yet a lay bureau in Washington is given power under the Sheppard-Towner maternity act to control our standards.

The groups of women that Miss Lillian Wald quotes as being in favor of the Sheppard-Towner act perhaps fail to realize that local self-government is the cornerstone on which our democracy rests.

CORNELIA A. GIBBS,
Secretary Woman's Constitutional League of Maryland,
Baltimore, Md., March 4, 1922.

The House of Lords

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: I shall not discuss the good manners involved in the giving of political advice to the nation which gave birth to parliamentary procedure as we know it to-day, but shall point out instead to your correspondent James F. Morton Jr. that Lady Rhonda is not likely to be numbered among the one-chamber conspirators.

If only men of noble birth could reach the upper chamber, then indeed could that body be called "aristocratic," but as long as a seat among the Lords implies meritorious services rendered to the state, it is no more an anachronism than is the United States Senate, and not so much so in name. Of course there are men who inherit their seats, men like the Cecil, Bentincks and Stanleys, whose influence has on the whole been very salutary. Surely a system which produced Mr. Balfour, a Cecilian, is to a great extent justified.

The House of Lords applies the much needed check of conservatism to the often precipitate action of the popular assembly. An elective upper chamber would impair this revising faculty, and the members thereof would think chiefly of political expedients whereby they might please the voters, advance the interests of their party and, incidentally, retain their jobs.

Mr. Morton has permitted his democratic complex to tilt his judgment.

PETER RUDDIMAN,
Yonkers, N. Y., March 6, 1922.

The Bronx for Parades

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: Years ago the St. Patrick's Day parade started on Fifth Avenue in the vicinity of Washington Square. Business and traffic conditions later compelled it to start in the vicinity of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. Against the terrific congestion of traffic on Fifth Avenue in the vicinity of Forty-second Street raises the question of moving the starting point further up town, or finding another parade ground.

So a new parade ground is desirable. The Grand Concourse and Boulevard, from 157th Street up to Moshulu Parkway, is ideal for parades. The Grand Concourse rivals Riverside Drive in many respects. It has three wide roadways. The center roadway can be used for parades without interfering with traffic north and south. The transit facilities are excellent, the section being served by the Lexington Avenue subway, the new extensions of the Sixth and Ninth Avenue elevated lines and the municipal bus line, starting from 110th Street and Fifth Avenue.

The Borough of the Bronx would welcome the St. Patrick's Day parade. The starting point could be in the vicinity of the site of the new Yankee stadium. The parade would not be squeezed in, there would be more room for spectators and every one would be happier.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.
New York, March 7, 1922.

A Nervous Man

(From The Philadelphia Inquirer) Whoever else may be satisfied by such a reservation to the four-power treaty as the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has adopted, Eli Johnson will not be.

He is the Little Orphan Annie of the Senate, fearful that the goggle-eyes will get him if he doesn't watch out.

The Tower

TRAGEDY

Because I live within a house
I have a beaten candle bright,
And cannot guide me with a star
Across the velvet floor of night.
Because I live within a house
I must forever stitch my seam,
And dare not pause to see you pass
With noiseless footsteps of a dream.

MABEL WILES SIMPSON.

If the papers hadn't carried the Transit Commission's report on the first page, we interborough patrons probably never would have learned that the subway is overcrowded.

After the Subway Sun finishes explaining how to get through a feather-weight gate, we do wish it would inform one reader who has memorized it faithfully week after week how one can open a newspaper in Mr. Hedley's train without subjecting his fellow victims to the possibility of assault and mayhem.

In these days the strap-hangers are among the elite. Most of us are strap-hanger-hangers or strap-hanger-hanger-hangers.

S-S-a-h!

F. E. V.: No wonder the I. R. T. hasn't improved the new turnstiles as they promised in the Subway Sun. They said they were giving them "concentrated thought," and they may be. The trouble is that the featherweights make so much noise that the performers can't concentrate.

We don't know how R. F. V.'s initials got divorced from his reply to John Gould Fletcher in yesterday's Tower and, such is our complete ignorance, we don't know how to apologize to him properly thereafter.

The erstwhile Kaiser is to publish a book, and those who believe that he needs further punishment may cherish the hope that he has to read all the proofs himself.

Our own meager but bitter experience is that by the time you start in on the plate proof you have only one emotion left. And that is a sneaking sympathy for the publisher who was fabulous enough to buy the gosh-darned book.

Before we desert this seldom-tapped literary vein we want to voice our belief that Herbert Quick's "Vandemark's Folly" is a splendid book. Other Middle West fiction of recent years had almost convinced us that the entire Mississippi basin was a cinder-ore, paper-littered, small-ridden land of squallor, where people laughed rarely, bathed infrequently and persistently abused their children. "Zell" and "Mooncall" and "The Triumph of the Egg" and "Main Street" had almost made us grateful we lived in New York. Mr. Quick's book deals with the pioneer, but it has encouraged us to hope that some one besides Booth Tarkington will discover the breach in that spite fence that has been erected between humor and realism and write a great, true story of present-day midland America.

A NIGHT WITH A MADMAN
A feeling is gripping my heart,
It's not from love, but excitement,
My soul is aching to be free,
As a waiting to be seen.
This feeling is so amazing
That even my nerves are unstrung;
This is a madman's dream,
The madman starts to dance and sing,
Then suddenly a curse is sung.
This is the madman's greeting,
I stay still and light and motionless;
My pulse and heart are beating,
The madman starts to dance and sing,
Then suddenly a curse is sung.
The dark and cold night seems so long,
Gradually my poor eyes close;
The madman then sings a song,
He then I feel blood on my nose.
Do everything to please him,
Thinking that he will quiet down;
At all once he gets a new whim,
And begins to set like a clown.
At last he comes in the morning,
The terrible curse storm has burst;
Continues much past dawn,
When he must cease to quench his thirst.
Gradually he settles down,
Then he has a new idea;
In the house there is not a sound,
While the bright sun shines above.
WILLIAM B. CHAPMAN JR.

"According to the papers," says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Presheben, N. J., the Nicaragua jail reports that "American prisoners have landed and the situation is well in hand."

His Friends Advertise Him

F. E. V.: Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush has two methods of shaking hands. Method One consists of grabbing victim's right hand in both of his'n and pumping up and down, accompanied with appropriate words and expressions. The other procedure is gone through with a more patronizing and solicitous mien, clasping friend's right hand with the right mitt and supporting said friend's right elbow with the free left hand. The gaze is focused somewhere over and behind friend's head, and the whole procedure is carried on in an effeminate manner.

J. T.—as his stenographer calls him—was up this way last summer, playing tennis at the country club. Every time he knocked the ball over the backstop he courteously called: "I'm sorry!" also calling out the same on his opponents' misplays.

Longmeadow, Mass.

F. E. V.: Before I forget it, let me call your attention to the fact that J. Throckmorton Cush stands unqualifiedly for UN-Americanism. The American language, the open shop closed to union members, compulsory rising when the national anthem is played, high tariff on his own line of goods and support of his country's Congress are tenets of his creed and planks in his platform.

LIZ.

Mr. Cush always rises and applauds vociferously whenever "Dixie" is played.

The Assembly is considering a bill forbidding an unmarried girl under seventeen to attend a dance unless accompanied by at least one parent. We're going to rush home and spank our son before we have to violate some statute to do it.

F. E. V.

THE THEORY THAT ALL BODILY ILLS COME FROM OLD CROWNS SEEMS